

# The Mirror

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## LONDON STREET ARCHITECTURE.



NEW FRONT OF THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL,

GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

At the building of this chapel, in the year 1811, the architect, Mr. W. Jenkins, was, by the circumstances of the property, prevented completing his design with the erection of an appropriate architectural façade; and the entrance was, accordingly, through an ordinary dwelling-house. During the past year, however, an opportunity was

afforded to Mr. Jenkins of perfecting his design, which he has done by the erection of the handsome frontage represented in the prefixed Engraving. The composition presents a neat pediment, supported by Roman Ionic columns; above which is a Venetian window, ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters, and a semi-

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circular moulding, enclosing the date of the building of the Chapel. The elevation is crowned with a bold blocking-course, supported by several well-proportioned consoles. The elevation is forty-four feet in height, and nineteen feet in width. It is substantially executed in Talacre stone, from North Wales, which has a beautiful tint, and is altogether a very handsome material; although the present is, we believe, one of the earliest instances of its being employed in our metropolitan buildings.

#### PHILOSOPHERS.

"THE true idea of a philosopher, and that which, dimly apprehended, has been the cause of the universal reverence, even if only a reverential hatred, connected with the name, is—a man who discerns an absolute truth more clearly than others, and is thus enabled to found on it a scientific, that is, systematic construction of all knowledge. To this idea is directly opposed that of a man whose aim is to establish the uncertainty of all things,—who is certain only that we can know nothing certainly. To this class of thinkers belong not merely Pyrrhonists, that is, dealers in lazy and captious frivolities of speculation, but all who maintain, however zealously and consistently, that we know nothing beyond appearances—all who teach that truth is endowed with a positive value and certainty, but only in reference to us, who are essentially fallible, as having in ourselves no measure or organ of the absolute."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### THE ALMS-DAY IN AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCH.

It is the close of a bright sabbath-day,  
The hymn'd amen has softly died away;  
The evening sun is streaming down the aisle,  
Through the west window of a holy pile,  
Where a tall, gray-hair'd priest benignly stands,  
To bless his people with uplifted hands.  
Well do they love his solemn voice to hear,  
Though low at times its aged tones appear;  
No captious critics they, with hearts of steel,  
To sit in judgment,—theirs are hearts to feel.  
The veriest urchin sorely would be vex'd,  
If they through heedlessness forgot his text;  
And while the preacher tells of Jesu's grace,  
They sit with glistering eye and steadfast face,  
And lowly and devout attention lend,—  
At sacred names the humble head they bend:  
Teacher and taught, alike have but one aim—  
Their living Hope, their dying Trust, the same.  
Now all is hush'd—the latest prayer is o'er—  
And slowly pacing up the time-worn floor,  
Parochial officers, in order due,  
Precede their honour'd pastor two and two:  
Clerk, wardens, overseers, and sexton bent,  
File off towards the marble monument  
Where Dame Sybilla Bray to rest was laid,  
When, by bequest, a noble gift was made  
"For: ever:" so the ancient trust is read,  
Thys: Gifte: ps: founded: bothe: fort  
almes: and: bredd:

To: earthe: poore: soule: shal: ge: thys:  
dole: dypbde:  
To: marke: ge: dage: quhan: Dame:  
Sybilla: dyed:

Bless'd be such piety—ay, doubly bless'd  
From year to year this old and quaint bequest—  
This silent tomb—this unpretending scroll—  
This simple wish—this charitable dole.  
The Dame Sybilla's house is fall'n to dust,  
Her blazon'd shield is coated o'er with rust,  
Her walks, her ways, her lineage scarce are known,

Or found in dusty manuscripts alone.  
She lived—she died—what boots her stately fame?  
Her broad-nit lands?—her far-descended name?  
Yet as in life the needy call'd her friend,  
Not death itself her memory can end.

Here pure white wheaten leaves are piled on high,  
Where the tall eulcaped priest is standing by;  
Here massive salvers, glittering with the store  
Of silver coin, are ranged upon the floor.  
Calm, kind, and friendly is the pastor's word  
To each receiver of this ancient hoard.  
Long years has he the gift divided there  
With equitable and impartial care.  
There was a time when he the aid had known  
Of two fair sons, where now he stands alone,  
A childless, widow'd man—bow'd down by grief;  
His hand is trembling, like a wither'd leaf  
When wintry winds sweep by the rifted stem.  
His people wept with him, and wept for them:  
That wife, those children—they were very dear;  
He bow'd his head—he wip'd away a tear.

A ministering angel sure might smile  
Benignly on the long-procession'd aisle.  
There, touch'd by glory from the setting sun,  
Stands one whose span, like his, is well nigh done;  
There pushes on to gaze a blue-eyed boy,  
Whose rosy cheeks are dimpled o'er with joy;  
While elder ladies, reproving, shake their head,  
And steal along with reverential tread;  
There, with a timid look, the orphan'd maid  
Is proxy for her sire, by sickness stay'd;  
And clasps with rapture, in her little palms,  
The generous wheaten bread, the bounteous alms;  
And prays that they his vigour may restore—  
Oh! bless'd the name of her who feeds the poor!  
And there, half lighted by the deepening rays,  
A figure shrinks to shun the casual gaze,  
And sedulous alone to seek the gloom  
Projected by yon massive altar tomb,  
For shame has set its seal upon her brow—  
A tale of sorrow hers—forgiven now;  
And none of all beneath that holy dome  
Would scorn to take that erring sister home.  
Mercy they hoped themselves—and mercy given  
On earth, they trusted should be found in heaven.

REINELN.

#### JEWISH FEMALES.

BY MISS FARDOE.

NEVER, during my residence in the East, had I looked on any costume which equalled in richness and, their head-dresses excepted, in elegance the dress of these Jewish females. It was a scene of the Arabian Nights in action; and for a few moments I was lost in admiration. The mistress of the house stood immediately in front of the sofa on which we were seated: she was a tall, stately woman, who looked not as though she belonged to a bowed and rejected race; she had the eagle eye, the prominent nose, and the high pale forehead of her nation, with a glance as fiery as it was keen.

Such as I have described her, she was attired in a full dress of white silk, confined a little below the waist by a broad girdle of wrought gold, clasped with gems; both the girdle and the clasps being between five and six inches in width. Above this robe she wore a pelisse of dove-coloured cachemere, lined and overlaid with the most costly sables, and worth several hundred pounds: the sleeves were large and loose, and fell back, to reveal the magnificent bracelets which encircled her arms, and the jewelled rings that flashed upon her fingers. Her turban, of the usual enormous size worn by all Jewish women, was formed of the painted muslin handkerchief of the country, but so covered with gems that its pattern was undistinguishable; while, from beneath it, a deep fringe of pearls, dropped with emeralds of immense size and value, fell over her brow, down each side of her face, and ultimately upon her shoulders.

Behind her were grouped her three daughters-in-law, in dresses nearly similar, save that, not being widows, they did not wear the heavy pelisse, and that the gold and pearl embroidered sleeves and bosoms of their silken robes were consequently visible. The prettiest woman of the party was her own and only daughter, who had been summoned from the house of her husband on the previous day, to welcome the return of her younger brother from Europe, where he had passed five years. She was nearly fourteen, with an expression half pensive and half playful; a something which seemed to indicate that her nature was too sad for smiles, and yet too gay for tears; as though the young bright spirit had been chilled and withered ere it had felt its freshness, and that it still struggled to free itself from the thrall.

Her dress was gorgeous; the costly garniture of gold and jewels, which almost made her bodice appear to be one mass of light, was continued to the knee of her tunic, where it parted to form a deep hem, that entirely surrounded the skirt of the garment. The jewelled fringe of her turban was supported on either temple by a large spray of brilliants, and fell upon a border of black floss silk, that rested on her fair young brow. Her arms were as white as snow, and seemed almost as dazzling as the gems which bound them; while her slender waist was compressed by a golden girdle, similar in fashion, but richer in design, than that of her mother.

In their girlhood, the Jewish females take great pride in the adornment of their hair, but from the moment of their marriage it is scrupulously hidden; so scrupulously, indeed, that they wear a second handkerchief attached to the turban behind, which falls to the ground, in order to con-

ceal the roots of the hair that the turban may fail to cover.

A sweet little girl of about nine years of age, the affianced wife of one of the brothers, was introduced, in order to shew me the difference of head-dress; and assuredly her *coiffure* was a most elaborate affair. She must have worn, at least, fifty braids, each secured at the end by a knot of pearls and ribbon; while her little chubby hands were literally covered with jewelled rings; and her feet, like those of the elder females, simply thrust into richly embroidered slippers.

The courtesy and hospitality of the whole family were extreme. They appeared delighted at the unusual circumstance of receiving Christians who appreciated their kindly intentions; and when I promised, in compliance with their earnest request, that I would repeat my visit, I had no intention to fail in the pledge.

### THE BALL—AND MR. MANAGER FERGUSON.

A SKETCH, WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
FOUNDED ON FACT.

"DEAR mother, I should be so glad to be one at the splendid ball to be given next week at the —," was the ejaculation of Rosalie Henry, as her mind's eye glanced over the brilliant array of beauty, wit, genius, folly, fashion, and stupidity, that might be expected to make up the motley, flashing pageant of an hour.

"And why would you be glad, my love?" "Because"—and she almost said, "Mr. Ferguson will be there!"

Before we proceed farther in this most veritable and instructive lesson, we may as well make known some portions of the history of the different characters whose names and actions are the subject of it.

The gay, thoughtless, petted, and almost spoiled Rosalie Henry, was the daughter of a man whose good name and comfortable fortune had accrued to him from nothing. He began life a nameless, unmentionable individual; and if he had anything to begin with, it was a high degree of physical health, joined to mental energy, perseverance, and ambition. Poor as poverty itself, he had seen others rolling past him in their costly carriage, with their proud heads exalted "even as the cedars of Lebanon,"—he had seen men who commenced life with the spade, or some other implement of that drudgery in the first year of the world entailed upon man, rise and rise, step by step, until they could at least boast a high place among those who make up the aristocracy of money!

Seeing what he saw, and being firm in the belief that

"Thrift is blessing,—if men steal it not,"

Mr. Henry resolved at once, that under any circumstances he would be a rich man.

His resolutions and his hope were in due time fully realized. We need not in this place enter into any explanatory details as to the *how* and *wherefore* he became the possessor of a competent *retiring* fortune, of a comely spouse, and, in process of time, the father of an only, beautiful, and, as before stated, almost spoiled daughter. All men who are rich know *how* they became so; and if they never feel the stings of shuddering conscience, we know not why the curtain should be drawn from those oftentimes peculiar stratagems by which man foils his brother.

Mr. Henry was a wealthy man, lived in great style, and his wife had but two faults—she would call mutton, "*mutting*!"—spell pig with two g's.

Mr. Ferguson (and he was sometimes written Esquire) was one of those indescribable persons one meets even now-a-days in the more refined circles of existence. He was a gentleman from over seas, and was familiarly called a "nice man for a small party." In whatever atmosphere one chanced to move, Ferguson "the distinguished foreigner" was the attraction. "Ah! whose splendid turn-out is that?" "*That?* why it's Ferguson's!"

"Who is that dashing fellow in that private box, clapping those white kids so lustily?" "*That?* why it's Ferguson!" "What a splendid wreath he has just thrown at the feet of the charmer!"

"I declare! how the champagne does fly at that end of the table!"

"No wonder; for Ferguson is dining some of his especials!"

"Bless my stars! what a fashionable man that Mr. Ferguson must be! Here is his name for the sixth time this season heading the list of managers for the grand ball!"

"Look ye, Mr. Drab; did you make that coat Ferguson wears?"

"Yes, sir, I had the honour."

"Take my measure, if you please!"

"Who is Ferguson?" asked Miss B—.

"A distinguished foreigner," replied Mrs. C.

"Indeed!" said Miss P—.

"What a nice young man!" said they all in full chorus.

We hardly know how to give a correct description of this "glass of fashion and mould of form;" he was, however, the lion. He had money, but no one knew how he came into its possession. Years before he commenced perpetrating the agreeable in all sorts of life, it was *whispered* that he had occupied a subaltern's situation in a large warehouse. He went abroad, and it was *whispered* that in London he had, by fortunate speculations, amassed a large fortune. He returned to this benighted land, and

burst upon society at large, like the flashing meteor, causing the ignorant vulgar and the educated refined to gaze upon him and his evolutions, bewildered, belost, and amazed!

Ferguson was the possessor of wonderful large feet and hands! Those necessary appendages of the human form divine were the greatest curses of his existence, the most acrid drop in the cup of his delight. How often and how vainly had that interesting individual sighed over the luckless propensity to elongation evinced by his clumsy digits! In making his toilette for a grand display, he had often been known to "tear to tatters, to very rags," whole packages of the finest kids! and if perchance he did coax a reasonable pair of gloves over his hands, he would sigh from the bottom of his heart! For there were the same unrelieved and unrelievable evidences of assumption to greatness! There were the testimonials that Ferguson was not, *ab initio*, one of the aristocracy. It would have been well enough, if the *ladies* had not noticed these things; for while they all agreed, as with one voice, that Ferguson was the lion, they were reluctantly compelled to avow that his *claws* were disproportionate, and bordering upon the vulgar! Then *those* feet! Boots! how many pairs of small patterns had his boot-maker laboured in vain to crowd upon his feet! However, and after all, we may say these are trifling points; and yet they do sometimes have great influence, as may yet be discovered. There was one accompaniment of genius and taste which Ferguson had never dared to venture upon—he never wore "a little ring upon his little finger!"

Among his *especials* Ferguson was known as "a gay young deceiver!" and the manner of his acquaintance with Miss Henry was somewhat unique. We shall crave indulgence, therefore, for a little further digression from "the ball," while we attempt a brief account of it.

At that unripe and unsophisticated age when girls think they know everything, and when they begin to annoy their solicitous parents, Miss Rosalie Henry had been placed under the control and tuition of Madame Crapeau, whose school for young ladies was considered in those days as the very best in the country. Here, under the fostering influence of that most excellent and exemplary lady, (she was the relict of a gallant officer under "the Empire,") Miss Henry bloomed and blossomed like the rose of Sharon. When she was fifteen years of age, the amount of valuable knowledge she had acquired was absolutely fearful! and one would not have been quite wrong in applying to her the language of the Roman governor:—"Thou art beside thyself—too much learning doth make thee mad."

Some three months previous to the day fixed upon for her release from "the college," and an entrance upon the great stage of life, Ferguson (he was a sad dog!) found himself lost, one fine afternoon in the fall of the year, almost opposite the seminary of Madame Crapeau. He was palpably lost—for ever and anon he would stare, with an intelligence not to be misunderstood, up to the walls of corner houses, where he should have found the names of the streets. By one of those remarkable coincidences which *will* happen, Miss Henry was seated near the front window of the front room, where she could enjoy the advantage of the light, being then engaged in the representation of a most remarkable historical print. By means of silk, worsted, gold, silver, azure, and other appliances, she was *doing* the trial of Queen Katharine; and at that particular time having to do, with great expression and vividness, the features of the great Wolsey, the better the light of course the better the effect.

"By Venus!" (this was the might and magnitude of Ferguson's profanity,) and there he stood and looked at that beautiful creation! Of course Miss Rosalie did not see him for some moments; but when she did—the damask curtain dropped upon the short-lived scene, and she immediately commenced a series of wonderments at the "impudence of those men!" After the cloth was removed at dinner that day, the specials were gratified with a description of the "most beautiful and lovely cret-yaw!" in existence; but none of "the boys" could ascertain where she lived. No! let Ferguson alone for that!

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THEORY OF HAIL-STONES.

MR. P. J. MARTIN, F.G.S., has communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine*, No. 101, an account of a remarkable fall of hail, which took place during a storm of thunder and lightning that passed over the counties of Sussex, Surrey, and Middlesex, on the evening of July 7, 1839. He describes hail-stones of extraordinary size to have fallen at the western extremity of the storm, its ravages extending only a mile and a quarter in width, but twenty miles in length—viz., from Arundel to the vicinity of Horsham. The writer, dating from Pulborough, states the fall of large stones to have been limited to the above space, and only five minutes, the smaller stones falling ten minutes. On the storm clearing off, the ground was observed to be whitened by the hail, amongst which the large stones lay like tennis-balls amongst marbles; and on measuring them, after they had lain

several minutes melting on the ground, many were found to be five, six, and seven inches in circumference. These large stones were more compact in their structure than the smaller ones, and were all of the flattened spheroidal form, and likened by many of the common people in size and shape to their thick, old-fashioned watches.

Mr. Martin adds: "The congelation of large drops of rain at the moment of aggregation, and the formation of ordinary hail, and even a considerable accretion of more ice to the original globule in its passage downwards, do not seem to be very difficult of comprehension and explanation. But there is only one way in which I can suppose such masses of ice as these can be suspended long enough in the atmosphere to grow to such enormous sizes, and that it is by the assistance of a nubilar whirlwind, or water-spout, (*trombe aérienne*), with sufficient power to keep them in its whirl, and to resist the earth's attraction, whilst the concretive action is going on, till their momentum overcomes the suspending power, or till they are thrown beyond the range of its intensity. That such operations are amongst the reciprocal electrical phenomena of the clouds, distinct from, though allied to, the water-spout, is, perhaps, well known and I was myself once witness to an appearance of this sort, between a higher and a lower cloud, that had the strongly electric aspect before they had resolved themselves into nimbus. It was a bent narrow column of dark vapour, which I could distinctly observe to be in rapid rotatory motion, passing from one cloud to the other, continuing for some minutes, and then gradually disappearing. During this time, it emitted no sound, and had no visible connexion with the earth whatever.

"The above theory of hail-stones will be further corroborated if we consider the form of the stones in this instance—viz., a sphere flattened at its poles, as the result of a rotatory motion; especially if it be a law, as perhaps it is, that *all solids in rapid gyration acquire, per se ipsos, a rotation on their own axes.*"

### THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALEAC.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued from p. 292.)

A FEW days before, he happened to be seated beside Mademoiselle Camille, and he remarked, pointing out the young Count, "What a pity that young fellow is not worth two or three millions; ain't it?"

"Is it a misfortune?—I do not think so," was her answer. "Ernest has a great deal of talent, and an excellent education; he is



very much esteemed by the head of his department; he has a noble name. I don't doubt that he will be a prominent man one of these days. When he obtains power, he will find it very easy to get a fortune."

"Yes; but if he was rich now?"

Camille blushed as she replied, "If he was rich, my dear sir, all the young ladies then would be quarrelling for him," and she pointed to the quadrilles.

"And in that case," rejoined the counsellor, "Mademoiselle Camille de Grandlieu would not be the only one he would look at. That is the reason of your blushing, Camille. You like him, don't you, love? Tell me." Camille quitted him hastily.

"She loves him," thought he. And Camille could plainly see that her liking for the Comte de Restaud was approved by her legal adviser.

Thereupon, as we have remarked, the advocate began his tale, which we shall repeat after him, as closely as a dialogue can be followed in a narrative.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE USURER.

The Counsellor's tale began thus:

I must tell you that I am myself one of the chief personages of my story. Fancy, if you please, mademoiselle, that I am only twenty-seven years old, and that what I am about to recount took place yesterday.

I shall begin by describing a character of which you have scarcely an idea—the USURER.

*Usurer*—Can you fancy such a being? His features are as immovable as Talleyrand's, he speaks low, in a soft tone, and never gives way to passion. His age is a mystery. One does not know whether he has grown prematurely old, or husbands his youth to make it do better service; his apartments are as clean as an Englishman's dress, but everything is worn. There's a cold discomfort about it. Even the brands on his fire do not burn brightly, they only smoke and smoulder.

The life of such a man moves on as noiselessly as the sand in an hour-glass; his movements are as regular as clock-work; he is like a piece of machinery, which every night's sleep winds up for the next day. He seeks to economize the waste of the vital forces, and concentrates all his emotions in self. Sometimes his victims are loud in their cries, and grow furious; the next minute all is still in his room, as it is in a kitchen where they are killing a fowl.

Such is the next door neighbour whom chance has allotted me.

The house we live in is old, damp, and decaying. On a long gallery opens the doors of twenty or thirty rooms of uni-

form size. This shews it once formed part of a convent. So dreary is it that the gaiety of a young spendthrift is checked before he enters my neighbour's room. The house and he are like each other; it is the oyster on his rock.

His life is a mystery. I am the only human being with whom he associates. He comes to beg a little fire, to borrow a book or a newspaper; and at night, when he is alone, I am the only one whom he admits into his cell. We had been neighbours seven years before I got so far. "Has he any friends or kindred?" I cannot say. He never has a penny in the house; all his wealth is in the vaults of the bank. He is sometimes the victim of his prudence, for one day when he had some gold in his pocket, a double Napoleon fell through to the ground; one of the tenants who was close behind picked it up, and handed it to him.

"It is not mine!" he cried, in manifest alarm; "it is not mine! I never have any gold money about me; never! never!"

To this description I will only add that his name is Gobseck.

"I declare I feel very much interested in that neighbour of yours," cried the old marquis.

Pray don't interrupt me, my dear sir, or I shall get embarrassed.

One evening I went to visit this living lump of gold. He sat in his old arm chair, immovable, his eyes fixed on the tables of discounts hanging over the mantel. He glanced at me without saying a word, but my chair stood ready, near him; he was expecting me.

"Does this creature ever reflect?" thought I to myself. "Does he know that there are such things as God and heaven, sentiments, woman, happiness?" I grieved for him as you would for a lunatic; but I felt that with a million to his credit in the bank, he was one of the monarchs of the earth.

"Good day, father Gobseck," cried I; "why, you look as gloomy as you did when you heard of that bookseller's failure. Were the notes protested today?"

It was the first time I had ever mentioned money matters to him. He eyed me a moment, and replied in his low, soft voice:

"I am amusing myself."

"You do amuse yourself then sometimes?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and eyed me with an air of compassion, as he asked,

"You fancy, then, there are no poets except those who print books of rhymes?"

"What! poetry in that brain?" thought I.

"No existence can be more brilliant

than mine!" he added, and his eye kindled. "Listen; by the story of to-day's business you can judge how many pleasures I have." He rose, bolted the door, and resumed his seat. "This morning," said he, "I had only two notes receivable; all the others I had paid away to borrowers, as cash, without recourse. The first of them, for a thousand francs, I bought of a fashionable young man. He came in his tilbury. The note was given by one of the most elegant women in Paris, for what, I don't know. The other note, for the same sum, was also a lady's; it was subscribed Fanny Malvaut. I had it of a linendraper. If you only knew what wild ideas passed through my head as I went out this morning to present the note. How proud and joyful I felt at the idea of the filial respect these two women would shew me if they did not happen to have the money ready! What would not the countess do for a thousand francs? Assume an affectionate air, address me in the soft tones she reserves perhaps for the endorser of my note, lavish kind expressions, entreat me, perhaps, and I!"

Here the old man glanced at me with an icy look.

"And I immovable! I stern as vengeance, as remorse! But this is mere fancy. Well, I reach the house."

"Madame la Comtesse is in bed," says a waiting-maid.

"When will she be visible?"

"At noon."

"Is she unwell?"

"No, sir; but she was out at a ball till three this morning!"

"My name is Gobseck. Tell her I called here, and will be back at noon."

Then I went in search of my other debtor. I found her in an old-fashioned house, in a mean and neglected street. The glass of the porter's door was black and greasy with age.

"Is Mademoiselle Fanny Malvaut at home?"

"She has gone out; but if you have called about a note, the money is ready."

"I will call again," said I, for I was anxious to see the lady as soon as I found she was ready to pay me.

I loitered away the morning, looking at the windows of the print shops. At the stroke of noon I was in the countess's ante-chamber.

"Madame's bell has just rung," said the *femme-de-chambre*, "and she cannot see you yet."

"I will wait," I answered, as the blinds of the room were hardly opened, when the *femme-de-chambre* hurried back, saying, "Walk in, if you please, sir," I knew from her tone that her mistress was not

ready to pay me. But what a beautiful creature she was! She had rolled a cashmere shawl hastily round her shoulders, but it could not hide the exquisite outline of her figure. Her black hair hung disheveled, half confined by a brilliant handkerchief, such as they wear in the East. Her couch was in picturesque confusion. A painter would have paid a good deal for a glance at the scene. The coverlet was of down, and the draperies of blue silk. A large bear-skin lay across the lion's head carved at the foot, and upon it glittered two white satin shoes, flung carelessly down after the fatigue of an evening of pleasure. On a chair hung a rumpled satin dress, the sleeves trailing along the ground. Flowers, diamonds, gloves, ribbons, and a bouquet, lay scattered about. There was a vague odour of perfumes. A costly fan lay half open on the mantel. The drawers of the wardrobe were also half open. All was luxury and disorder, beauty without harmony, wealth and wretchedness. The worn-out look of the countess assimilated well with this room strewn with the wrecks of splendour. These scattered gewgaws I loathed; the night before, properly arranged, they might have dazzled me. It was the true picture of a life of dissipation, noise, and luxury; of Tantalus-like efforts to embrace unsubstantial enjoyments. The countess's fair skin was stained by one or two blotches of red; her features looked unnaturally large; but, in spite of these evidences of late hours and exhaustion, she was very beautiful. I was pleased with her. My heart had not beat so strongly for many a day. I was paid already, for I would give more than a thousand francs to bring back one of the feelings of youth.

"Sir," said she, offering me a chair, "I trust you will be good enough to wait till to-morrow noon."

"Madam," was my answer, putting the note back in my pocket. "I have no right to protest till that time."

And I said to myself "Yes, pay for thy luxury, pay for thy name, pay for thy fashion, pay for thy monopoly of the good things of this world! We have courts, judges, and scaffolds, for starving criminals; but for you who sleep on beds of down there is remorse, there is the gnashing of the teeth that must be hidden under a smile, there are the still pangs of agony that fasten on your hearts!"

"Protest! You cannot, surely, think of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "You cannot forget yourself so far as to do it!"

"If the king owed me money, madame, and did not pay it, I would sue him at once."

(To be continued.)

## NEWARK ABBEY.

NEAR the village of Ripley, in the county of Surrey, stand the ruins of a monastery, which has passed at various times under the names of Newstead, Novoloco, and Newark.

The river Wey runs very close to the Abbey site, and the winding of the river adds very much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Working station on the Southampton railway is sufficiently near to render the railway an agreeable and easy mode of visiting these ruins.

The most perfect part of the building which now remains is a quadrangular room or chapel, in the south transept, the gable of which is fifty-three feet in height; the western wall has three Gothic windows, with the same number on the opposite wall; two larger windows look into the nave of the building, two on the opposite one being placed in the angle of the gable. These portions are represented in the accompanying sketch. Part of this wall is rent from the top to the bottom, apparently by some violent means; a large cavity near the ground, evidently the effects of a battering ram, or some other destructive warlike machine, suggests this hypothesis. Through the centre of the building is a public pathway, on each side of which different kinds of grasses and weeds have sprung up. The best view of this part is seen at the eastern extremity of the field. From the east side of the southern transept is an arch, which opens into the nave; the north and south walls are fifty feet high; three windows are in the former, and in the latter, five. Going through an opposite arch, we come to a detached part of the building, about twelve feet square. The whole of the eastern portion of the building seems to have been pulled down to make way for the cultivation of the ground; but the fragment which still remains there shews that several buildings must have been connected with the principal one. The building cannot boast of any costly materials in its structure, being composed of rough, unshaped flints, excepting in the angles of the walls, which are built of freestone. The inside has a coating of plaster; the walls are three feet thick; and in them are several small holes, used possibly by the monks, for their stalls, or some other wood-work to the main building.

Very few ornamental remains on the walls are to be seen. It appears from the rough and broken projections, in many places, which meet the eye, that all carvings and mouldings that may have been there have been entirely destroyed; some fragments of a black granite pillar, and stained glass with pieces of carving have been found, and hence it may be concluded that the building was of an ornamental though simple structure. From the character of the arches and

windows in this building, it may be inferred that five or six hundred years must have elapsed since its erection. According to the date of its charter, which was granted by Henry III. and afterwards continued by Edward I., a church and priory of black canons was founded in the reign of Richard I. by Ruald de Calva, and Beatrix de Sonder, his wife, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Thomas of Canterbury. The churches of St. Peter, Woking; St. Mary, Send; and Ripley Chapel; belonged to Newark Abbey, as well as Martha's Hill Chapel, in the immediate neighbourhood of Guildford. Newark Abbey is the same as Aldebury, a name probably suggested by the numerous alders in the vicinity.

Mr Mackay, in his *The Thames and its Tributaries*, made this place the subject of a ballad, shewing how the monks of Newark endeavoured to cut a tunnel under the river, in order that they might visit secretly the nuns of Ockham, on the opposite side of the Wey. The ballad will be found to flow smoothly to the old tune of Derry Down:—

The monks of the Wey seldom sung any psalms,  
And little they thought of religious psalms;  
Ranting, rollicking, frolicsome, gay,  
Jolly old boys were the monks of the Wey.

Tralala! lara la!

To the sweet nuns of Ockham devoting their cares,  
They had but short time for their beads and their prayers;  
For the love of the maidens, they sighed night and day,  
And neglected devotion, these monks of the Wey.

Tralala, &c.

And happy, I' faith, might these monks have been,  
If the river had not rolled between  
Their abbey dark and their convent grey,  
That stood on the opposite side of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

For daily they sighed and nightly they pined,  
Little to anchorite rules inclined;  
So smitten with beauties' charms were they,  
These rollicking, frolicsome monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

But the scandal was great in the county near—  
They dared not row across for fear;  
And they could not swim, so fat were they,  
These oily, amorous monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

Loudly they groaned for their fate so hard,  
From the smiles of these beautiful maids debarred,  
Till a brother hit on a plan to stay  
The love of these heart-broken monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

"Nothing," quoth he, "should true love sunder,  
Since we cannot go over, let us go under;  
Boats and bridges shall yield to-day—  
We'll dig a tunnel beneath the Wey."

Trala, &c.

To it they went with right good will,  
With spade and shovel, pike and bill;  
And from evening's close to the dawn of day  
They worked like miners all under the Wey.

Trala, &c.

And every night as this work begun,  
Each sang of the charms of their favourite nun;  
"How surprised they will be, and how happy,"  
said they,

"When we pop in upon them from under the Wey."  
Trala, &c.



And for months they kept grubbing and making no sound,  
Like other black moles, darkly under the ground ;  
And no one suspected such going astray,  
So sly were these amorous monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

At last, this fine work was brought near to a close,  
And early one morn from their pallets they rose,  
And met in their tunnel with lights to survey,  
If they'd scooped a free passage right under the Wey.

Trala, &c.

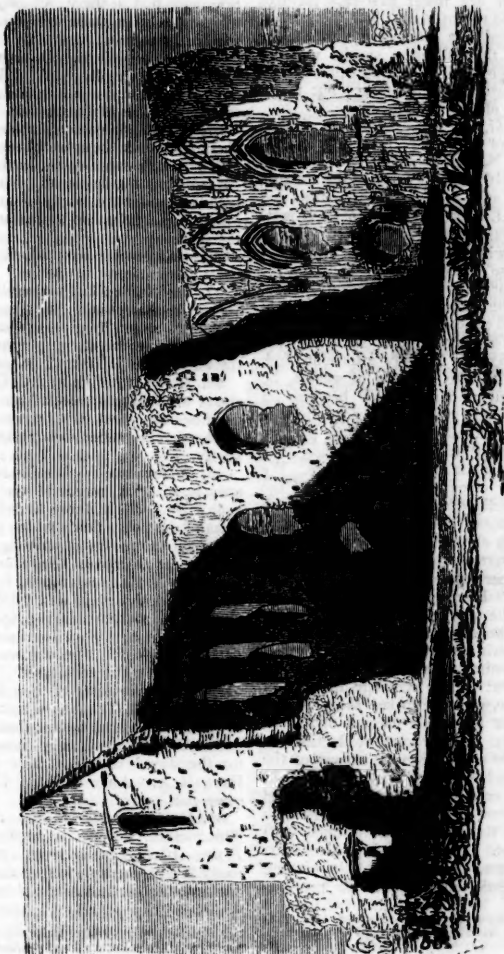
But, alas for their fate ! and they smirked and they smiled,

To think how completely the world was beguiled ;  
The river broke in, and it grieves me to say,  
It drowned all the frolicsome monks of the Wey.

Trala, &c.

O churchmen, beware of the lures of the flesh,  
The net of the devil hath many a mesh ;  
And remember whenever you're tempted to stray,  
The fate that befel the poor monks of the Wey.

C \* \* \* R.



REMAINS OF NEWARK ABBEY.

## Public Exhibitions.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS year's Exhibition (the 73rd) was opened to the public, on Monday, the 3rd instant. The collection comprises 1216 paintings, and 227 works of sculpture; and, altogether, it forms an interesting exhibition. There are fewer first-rate pictures than in some recent years; but there is, at the same time, less mediocrity: and, taken as a whole, the collection speaks well for the advance of art. The proportion of portraits is greater than last year; but many of them are of high excellence.

*En passant*, scarcely ever do we visit an Exhibition of Art, more especially collections at the National Gallery, without being impressed with a lively sense of the refining influence of such displays upon the taste and feelings of all classes of spectators. It matters not whether you stroll into the eastern or western wing of the National Gallery—among those who pay their shillings for admission, or those who enter gratuitously,—there is the same delightful influence to be witnessed at work. If any one be sceptical on this matter, let him walk into the free gallery some Monday afternoon, and, mingling with the groupes of gazers, he may overhear remarks which bespeak an acuteness of observation and acquaintance with art, which will astonish those persons who have not watched the advancing love of art amongst the industrious classes. We regard this circumstance as one of the healthiest indications of the public mind, which, having of late years been gradually weaned from objects of popular excitement, has been diverted into the more refined pursuits and nicer appreciation of the productions of art. Doubtless, the gratuitous admission of the public to our national collections has brought about this beneficial change in their tastes; and, as it is scarcely possible to estimate the indirect good which the enjoyment of this privilege may effect in the people, we hope to see the principle of gratuitous admission carried out to its fullest extent. Such were our reflections on ascending the staircase to the rooms of the Academy, and by a turn of the head, looking over across the showy vestibule and halls, we perceived groupes of visitors upon the opposite staircase of the National Gallery; and our enjoyment being in common with their own, we could not help wishing that the whole building and its precious

contents were alike open to all. But as the wish may be ultra-liberal, so we will adhere for the present to our own side.

Among the more noticeable pictures of this Exhibition are—

7. *Scene in a Polish Synagogue*; S. A. Hart, R.A.; evincing a decided improvement in the artist's colouring, and composition.

9. *Castello d'Iachia, from the Mole*: C. Stanfield, R.A.: the wreck of a felucca in a heavy gale: a scene of painful interest, admirably painted.

10. *Portrait of W. H. Ainsworth, Esq.*; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A. The likeness strikes us to be much more successful than the composition of the picture.

17. *The Temptation of Andrew Marvell*; C. Landseer, A.: the well-known anecdote of Charles II. sending his lord-treasurer to Marvell, with a bribe of 1000 guineas: a popular incident, cleverly painted, with the artist's usual attention to the accessories of the scene.

21. *Group—morning*; W. Etty, R.A.; a charming cabinet picture.

29. *The Stolen Child recovered*; W. Allan, R.A. In this picture, the simple incident of a child stolen by gipsies being recovered by its parents, is strangely overcharged in the telling: its intensity is "too much."

38. *Going to the Fair*; J. J. Chalon, R.A. elect: a pleasing picture of one of the few gaieties of rural life, somewhat over-coloured, the effect being flaunting and spotty.

45. *Midsummer Night's Dream*; H. Howard, R.A. "A mermaid on a dolphin's back," &c.—one of those literal impersonations of the poet's fancy which present anything but the poetry of painting.

52. "*La Bourgeois Gentilhomme*;" C. R. Leslie, R.A. The celebrated fencing scene between M. Jourdain and Nicole; rich in *vis comica*, so that many a spectator will say, with the outwitted Jourdain, "*Diantre soit la coquine!*" The slyness of the by-stander is likewise admirable.

53. 66. Two views of *San Georgio, Venice*; J. M. W. Turner. Painted with less of the artist's extravagance than usual.

60. *H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex*: Painted for the Jews' Hospital, Mile End; S. A. Hart, R.A. An admirable likeness, but somewhat coarsely painted.

61. *Portrait of Her Majesty*, J. Partridge. This picture, and its *compagnon*, *H. R. H. Prince Albert*, by the same artist, has already been some time before the public. In likeness, the portrait of the Prince is by far

\* In the *Companion to the Almanac*, 1837, it is cleverly remarked on this portion of the building, that, "on the upper floor the whole of the space is entirely lost, except in regard to effect, which promises to be striking,—the view being continued through the screens of columns from the landing of one staircase to that of the other, although the

two divisions will be kept quite separate. Yet, it is matter of question with us, whether this degree of display in the approaches will not seem quite disproportioned to the galleries themselves, and cause them to appear even smaller than they really are." And such we take to be the result.

the most successful; but in neither has the flesh the transparency of life, for it is opaque and heavy. The costumes are cleverly executed, and the jewellery evinces extraordinary care and precision, especially in Her Majesty's portrait; the costly accessories are likewise elaborately painted, and have a richness of colouring which heightens the artistical defect we have pointed out.

65. *The Boy and many Friends*; T. Webster, A. This is a familiar incident of schooldom, and well would it be if such experience of "friends found in sunshine, to be lost in storm," ended with our youth. A fortunate boy has just unpacked his "parcel"—the cake and oranges have already attracted the friendship of several schoolfellows, among whom there appears to be a contest for nearest this little throne of human felicity. This is one of a class of pictures of familiar life, which, to our thinking, are occasionally overrated: possibly, however, more hearts are stirred by such productions than by historical scenes, which too often represent human nature upon stilts.

67. *The Student*; Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.: an admirable specimen of the distinguished painter's colouring.

75. *The Desolation of Jerusalem foretold by Our Saviour*; C. L. Eastlake, R.A. This impressive scene of prophecy—the Mount of Olives—is exquisitely painted: the features of the Saviour turned towards the devoted city, beam with touching benignity, and the listening disciples are admirably portrayed. In masterly colouring, this picture partakes largely of the Italian school.

(To be continued.)

### New Books.

*A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus.* By Lieut. John Wood.

[THIS work embodies a slight sketch of the author's journeyings, whilst employed under Sir Alexander Burnes on his late mission to Afghanistan. Lieut. Wood's route lay by the Indus, Kabul, and Badakhshan, over ground hitherto but little visited by Europeans: accordingly, the narrative abounds with novel and interesting details. Lieut. Wood, in October, 1835, had the proud satisfaction of unfurling our country's flag on the Indus from the first steam-boat that ever floated upon its celebrated waters; and one of the objects of the present Expedition was to ascend this river, from its mouth to Attock, to explore it as well for the purposes of commerce as of war; and especially as to the facility which the neighbouring country affords for the supply of coal and wooden fuel, with a view to navigating the river with steam-boats. From

Attock, our author proceeded along a portion of the Kabul river, to the valley of Koh Daman, lying north of Kabul, and into which open three or four narrow valleys from the Hindoo Koosh, which possess great fertility and romantic beauty. From Koh Daman, Lieut. Wood was recalled to join a mission to the valley of the Oxus; but the season being too late to cross the Hindoo Kosh, some of the party perished in the fruitless attempt. At length, the survivors proceeded through Kunduz, of whose chief, Muzad Beg, gives a more favourable account than his precursors; and he appears to have sanctioned and aided our author's journey to the source of the Oxus. He next visited the famous lapis lazuli and ruby mines on the banks of this river, in Badakhshan; and a few weeks' stay in the village of Jerm has enabled Lieut. Wood to present us with a truly interesting picture of the domestic life of the people. His journey onward up the valley of the Oxus, between snow-capped mountains to the plain of Pamir, to the source of the river, bound in ice, was fraught with peril: it, however, enabled the author to furnish many geographical details of great value, and pictures of the social economy of the country of the most attractive character. To this glance at the author's route we append a few specimens of the staple excellence of his narrative, which must be ranked among the most valuable as well as entertaining contributions to eastern geography and ethnographical knowledge. First, of

#### *Sporting in Sind.]*

The attachment of the Sind Amirs to field sports is well known. To gratify this passion, large tracts of land on the banks of the river are set apart for game preserves, and kept in a state of nature. For so doing the Amirs have been censured, though I am inclined to think with too great severity. Were the population of Sind double its present number, there is ample land for their support without infringing on the ruler's prerogative. The exclusive privileges enjoyed by their Highnesses is not peculiar to Sind, but one that has prevailed in most countries in a similar state of society. The history of our own land more especially offers numerous examples of oppressive forest-laws. Hume tells us, that a king of England possessed sixty-eight forests, thirteen chases, and 781 parks. Further, that transgressors in these were, in Richard I.'s reign, punished by mutilation and the loss of sight. No Sind Amir ever thus sported with the life of the subject. Around Lakkat the country is covered with jangal,\* among which are

\* A close wild tract of country, covered either with tall grass or trees.

the game preserves. On reaching the village, the Amirs presented each of us with a snit of Lincoln green, after receiving which we were warned to be ready on the morrow. By sunrise next day we were on the hunting ground. The shikárgáhs are laid out in the form of triangles, and so connected that the game, on escaping from one enclosure, takes refuge in another. Entering one, we took our station in a rustic booth at its apex; and patiently waited the game's approach. The shikárgáh was a thick forest of young trees with plenty of underwood and tolerable herbage. In front of us was an open space of about ten yards square, and, for double this distance beyond, the forest was indented by narrow pathways radiating from the booth. A pack of dogs had been let in at the opposite end of the enclosure, and we had not sat long before we heard the noise of their approach. The jackal early took alarm; but seeming conscious it had only the dogs to fear, the cunning animal trotted leisurely across the cleared space into the next shikárgáh. Mir Nur Mohamed sat with a couple of guns before him, watching with a painful earnestness the jangal in front. At length, in one of the lanes, a boar, a grizzly-looking patriarch, was detected shewing his tusches. The Amir nodded and gave a gun to Captain Burnes; and had our gallant commander broken a bottle a hundred yards off, his skill as a marksman could not have been more highly complimented than for slaughtering this huge boar at arm's length. A few minutes more elapsed, when the underwood was seen to shake, and presently a deer broke cover. He came dashing down the green lanes at a gallant pace, but ere he could clear the break he was despatched by a ball from Nur Mohamed's rifle. It was an excellent shot. We beat up two preserves, but all the game they yielded was a couple of deer\* and eight hogs. We next attended their Highnesses on a hawkng excursion; but the banks of the Indus were not here sufficiently open for this old English pastime. The Amirs nevertheless expatiated on the pleasure this sport afforded them, and enumerated the variety of birds in their possession, all which, they added, come from Afghanistan. Food was procured for the smaller of these falcons by a kind of archery that I never saw practised elsewhere. There is nothing particular about either the bow or the arrow, but in using the weapons the archer darted the arrow so as to strike the object with its side instead of its head. The larks, which he was shooting, were picked up stunned by the shock, but alive. Partridges are shot in the same manner.

\* The kotapacha, or hog-deer.

[Here is a touching anecdote of the  
*Affection of Otters.*]

On the evening of the 22nd of February, as the crew were securing our boat to the bank, they discovered a family of otters, which by their angry cries seemed to consider us intruders. Anxious to obtain one, an attack was forthwith planned, but though no precautions were omitted, it was only partially successful. Two were made prisoners, and as many more escaped. The latter refused, however, to quit the neighbourhood, and throughout the night serenaded us with piercing shrieks, which were redoubled whenever the captives replied to their call. The two we had taken were full grown, but evidently the young of those which had escaped. The habitation of these interesting little animals had two entrances, which met before they reached their inner circular burrow, and were elevated four feet above the river, which in this month was at its lowest level. Two days after these otters had been taken I was awoke in the middle of the night by a noise proceeding from the fore-part of the vessel, and on inquiring the cause was told we were boarded by otters from the shore. When I got on deck the assailants were swimming alongside, giving utterance to a sharp, peevish whine, whilst those on board, after vainly struggling to get free of the bag that held them, grew calm, but still continued a low piteous moan. Whether the visitors were the parents of our captives, or strangers attracted to the boat by their calls, is matter of doubt. In either case the circumstance is remarkable, for since the 22nd we had moved ten miles onward, and crossed from the left to the right bank of the Indus.

[*Property on the Indus.*]

The constantly recurring changes in the course of the Indus confuse the rights of property on its banks. We are told that geometry owes its origin to the inundations of the Nile destroying the land-marks in its valley. But the Sindians prefer superstition to science, and have resort to the following primitive mode of settling their differences:—Mir Nur Mohamed Khán we shall suppose to possess the east bank of the Indus, and his brother Mir Nasir Khán the west. On the inundation subsiding a new island rises in the stream, to which both parties lay claim. A boat is ordered, and a confidential servant on the part of each Amir, stepping on board, takes with him half a dozen empty earthen jars. The boat is now placed half a mile up-stream, beyond the island, from which position in mid-channel the twelve pots are committed to the guidance of the current. On whatever side the smaller number of these mea-

sengers pass by the island, the new-formed land is thereby decided to belong of right to the proprietors on that bank of the river.

[*Sand-gale on the Indus.*]

The Indus, throughout the whole of its navigable course, is occasionally swept by terrific blasts, which, while they last, prostrate everything before them. Fortunately, they give timely warning of their approach, and long before the gathering storm bursts, the careful tracker has moored his boat in security. At this place, on a subsequent occasion, I witnessed one of those short-lived sand-gales, which in strength and in sublimity of appearance I have never either before or since seen equalled. We were then on the Sukur side of the river. On looking across the water about four o'clock in the afternoon, gloomy clouds were seen coming along, their heavy masses evidently pregnant with the elements of a storm. Momentarily they deepened their dark hue, and as the waving masses moved and rose above the date-trees on the opposite shore, the grove almost appeared to be on fire, the boiling cauldron of clouds above representing smoke, while the lighter shades of the dense mass looked like flame. The grove was soon veiled in darkness, and an ominous silence hung over the Sukur bank, while the storm in giant strength stalked over the naked surface of the river, as yet unagitated by the smallest ripple. Presently the gust struck the bank where we stood with the blast of a hurricane, and for two minutes blew with a force which it was impossible to face. Cowering with others behind the pillars of a dilapidated house, though sheltered from the fury of the storm, we had yet ample employment to prevent suffocation from the torrents of sand it carried with it.

*The Philosophy of Mystery.* By Walter Cooper Dendy.

(Concluded from page 303.)

*Prophecy of Spectres.*

FROM DR. PRITCHARD I quote this fragment:—"A maid-servant, who lived in the house of an elderly lady, some years since deceased, had risen, early on a winter's morning, and was employed in washing by candle-light the entry of the house, when she was greatly surprised at seeing her mistress, who was then in a precarious state of health, coming down stairs in her night dress. The passage being narrow, she rose up to let her mistress pass, which the latter did with a hasty step, and walked into the street, appearing, to the terrified imagination of the girl, to pass through the

door without opening it. The servant related the circumstance to the son and daughter of the lady, as soon as they came down stairs, who desired her to conceal it from their mother, and anxiously waited for her appearance. The old lady entered the room, while they were talking of the incident, but appeared languid and unwell, and complained of having been disturbed by an alarming dream. She had dreamed that a dog had pursued her from her chamber down the staircase, and along the entry, and that she was obliged to take refuge in the streets."

In a letter of Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, is told the following strange story, which, although not a prophecy, cannot be within the pale of our philosophy:—"On a morning in 1652, the earl saw a thing in white, like a standing sheet, within a yard of his bedside. He attempted to catch it, but it slid to the foot of the bed, and he saw it no more. His thoughts turned to his lady, who was then at Networth, with her father, the Earl of Northumberland. On his arrival at Networth, a footman met him on the stairs, with a packet directed to him from his wife, whom he found with Lady Essex her sister, and Mrs. Ramsay. He was asked why he returned so suddenly. He told his motive; and on perusing the letters in the packet, he found that his lady had written to him, requesting his return, for she had seen a thing in white, with a black face, by her bedside. These apparitions were seen by the earl and countess, at the same moment, when they were forty miles asunder."

But can these shallow stories be cited as prophecies? The links in the chain of causation are evident, and the veriest sceptic cannot doubt their sequence, where there was so strong a probability. It is merely by reflecting on the past and judging the future by analogy. Natural events of human actions have laws to govern them, and there is seldom foresight without the reflection on these laws. Lord Mansfield, when asked how the French revolution would end, replied, "It is an event without a precedent, and therefore without a prophecy."

Were a miracle once authenticated, our scepticism might cease, but we cannot be convinced of supernatural agency till something be done or known which could not be so by common means, or which through the medium of deception or contrivance imposes on the mind such belief; of which impression Alston the painter once told Coleridge a melancholy story. "Twas of a youth at Cambridge, who dressed himself up in white as a ghost to frighten his companion, having first drawn the bullets from pistols which he kept at the head of his bed. As the apparition glided by his bed,



the youth laughed, and cried out, "Vanish! I fear you not." The ghost did not obey him, and at length he reached a pistol and fired at it, when, seeing the ghost immovable, and invulnerable as he supposed, a belief in a spirit instantly came over his mind, and convulsion succeeding, his extreme terror was soon followed by his death.

[The following are striking examples of the

#### *Return of Reason.]*

Although the coming on of death is often attended by that slight delirium indicated by the babbling of green fields, and the playing with flowers, and the picking of the bedclothes, and the smiling on the fingers' ends, yet in others some oppressive or morbid *cause of insanity* may be removed by the moribund condition. In the words of Aretæus,—"the system has thrown off many of its impurities, and the soul, left naked, was free to exercise such energies as it still possessed."

I will glance in illustration at these interesting cases:—from Zimmerman, of an insane woman of Zurich, who, "a few hours before her death, became perfectly sensible and wonderfully eloquent;"—from Dr. Perceval, of a female idiot, who, as she was dying of consumption, evinced the highest powers of intellect;—from Dr. Marshall, of the maniac, who became completely rational some hours previous to his dissolution;—and from Dr. Hancock, of the Quaker, who, from the condition of a drivelling idiot, became shortly before his death so completely rational, as to call his family together, and, as his spirit was passing from him, bestow on them with pathetic solemnity his last benediction.

Thus your impressive records are clearly explained by pathology; and, perhaps unconscious of this, Mrs. Opie has a fine illustration in her "Father and Daughter:" the mind of the maniac parent being illumined before his death by a beam of reason.

But in the languid brain of an idiot excitement may even produce rationality.

Samuel Tuke tells us of a domestic servant, who lapsed into a state of complete idiocy. Some time after, she fell into typhus fever, and as this progressed, there was a real development of mental power. At that stage when delirium lighted up the minds of others, *she* was rational, because the excitement merely brought up the nervous energy to its proper point. As the fever abated, however, she sunk into her idiot apathy, and thus continued until she died. It was but the *transient gleam of reason*.

[Here follows a tale of our own times:—

#### *The Chartley Superstition.]*

The park of Chartley is a wild and romantic spot, in its primitive state, untouched by the hand of the agriculturist, and was formerly attached to the royal forest of Needwood, and the honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which the ancient family of De Ferrars were once the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrars, after his defeat at Burton Bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved, in its primitive purity, the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of a sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrars happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition, which to this day has been held in veneration by the common people, that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family. A calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and his countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter, Mrs. William Jolliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present nobleman and his daughter, Lady Frances Shirley, have each been forewarned by the ominous birth of a spotted calf. In the spring of a late year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe, in the park of Chartley, and this birth also has been followed by the death of the countess.

[Next are some exquisite illustrations of

#### *The Poetry of Nature.]*

If science discovers defects, does it not unfold new beauties, a new world of animated atoms, endowed with faculties and passions as influential as our own? Nay, science has thrown even a *poetry* around the blue mould of a cheese-crust; and in the bloom of the peach the microscope has shewn forth a treasury of flowers, and gigantic forests, in the depths of which the roving animalcule finds as secure an ambush as the lion and the tiger within the gloomy jungles of Hindostan. In a drop of liquid crystal the water-wolf chases his wounded victim, till it is changed to crimson with its blood. Ehrenberg has seen monads in fluid the 24,000th part of an inch in size; and in one drop of water 500,000,000 creatures—the population of the globe! I hope, Castaly, you will not,

like the Brahmin, break your microscope, because it unfolds to you these wonders of the water.

Then, by the power of the telescope, we roam into other systems—

“World beyond world in infinite extent,  
Profusely scattered o’er the blue expanse,”

and orbs so remote as to reduce to a mere span the distance between us and the Georgium Sidus; and revel in all the gorgeous splendour of rings, and moons, and nebulae, the poetry of heaven.

Is there not an exquisite romance in the closing of the barometrical blossoms; of the white convolvulus, and the *anagallis* or scarlet pimpernel; of the sun-flower, and the leaves of the *Dionaea* and *mimosa*?

Is there not poetry in the delicate nautilus, with its arms dropped for oars; in the *vellela* and purple *physalia* expanding their membranous sails; and the beautiful fish-lizard, the *Proteus* of transparent alabaster, found in the wondrous cavern of Maddalena, among the Styrian mountains; and even in the *Stalactytes* of Antiparos, as glittering as the gems and crystal pillars of Aladdin’s palace? Are not these more beautiful because they are true, and better to be read than all the impersonations of mythology, or that voluptuous romance which would endow a flower with the fervour of sense and passion?

[A subtle speculation follows, on

#### *The Nature of Spirit.]*

By analogy, we cannot always palpably prove the existence of matter, although we know it to exist. The electric fluid may remain for an indefinite period invisible, nay, may never meet the sight,—it may even traverse a space without any evidence but that of its wonderful influence, and at length be collected in a jar. As light, existing in remote stars, has not yet reached our earth, so the electricity is now residing in myriads of bodies, which will never be elicited; and thus (if I may extend the simile) the principle of life, whatever it be, may have an independent existence during life, may leave the body and yet not perish. Is not this a fine illustration of the living of the soul without the body; for here even a grosser matter, yet invisible, is evinced by its passage from one thing to another, although it is inert when involved in the substance?

#### *[Material Causes of Dreams.]*

Abercrombie, the most learned analyst of the mind since Reid and Stewart, has four varieties of the dream:—

1st. From wrong association of new events.

2nd. Trains of thought from bodily association.

3rd. Revival of old associations.

4th. Casual fulfilment of a dream!

You perceive the first and third are merely memory, with right and wrong arrangements; the second, excitement of ideas from present sensations; the fourth, if it be not a mere coincidence, is the result, as I have explained, of imparted impetus, or deep thinking on subjects presented to the mind. The eccentricities of dreaming are not more curious than those of the reminiscent faculty when awake,—indeed, memory itself may seem to be sometimes dreaming, and at others even fast asleep. Those who survived the plague in Athens (as we read in Thucydides) lost for a time the recollection of names, their own and those of their friends, and did not regain it until their health was re-established.

Mori, during his frequent moods of excitement, quite lost his memory of music, so that, for many minutes, he could neither read a note nor play from memory.

There have been persons who have very suddenly forgotten their own names, which they were about to announce on a visit to a friend.

“Mr. Von B—, envoy to Madrid, and afterwards to Petersburg, a man of a serious turn of mind, yet by no means hypochondriacal, went out one morning to pay a number of visits. Among other houses at which he called, there was one where he suspected the servants did not know him, and where he consequently was under the necessity of giving in his name, but this very name he had at that moment entirely forgotten. Turning round immediately to a gentleman who accompanied him, he said, with much earnestness, ‘For God’s sake, tell me who I am.’ The question excited laughter, but as Mr. Von B— insisted on being answered, adding that he had entirely forgotten his own name, he was told it; upon which he finished his visit.”

#### *The Gatherer.*

*Treasure Trove.*—A few days since was dug up in a garden, at Pebmarsh, in Essex, at about a foot from the surface, an earthen quart jug, containing 269 pieces of silver coin,—one of Oliver Cromwell, one Philip and Mary, the remainder being those of Charles I. and II., Elizabeth, and James II. The weight of the whole is 4lb. 7oz.

*The only Pun.*—The Abbé Delille is said to have made only one pun. On hearing some ladies complain of hunger, after a long morning in the Champ de Mars, he advised them to apply to the *Fee des rations*. (Federation.)

**St. Bride's School.**—A School and Dwelling-house, of neat design, has just been erected in Bride Lane, Fleet Street, at an expense of nearly 4000*l*. To aid the fund, a Fancy Sale will be held, at Radley's Hotel, on the 19th and 20th instant, under the patronage of Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager.

**Hong Kong**, the island lastly added to the British, is one of a group about thirty-five miles from Macao; and not more than six or seven miles in length, and about two in breadth.

#### *Spirit drinking.*—

	Population.	Gallons of Spirits.
England .....	13,800,000	12,300,000
Ireland .....	7,700,000	12,300,000
Scotland .....	2,300,000	6,700,000

Thus, it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population; in Ireland rather more than thirteen pints per head; and in Scotland twenty-three pints per head per annum.—*Evidence of Mr. J. C. Symonds before Parliament.*

**The Mullinæes.**—Few of our readers may be aware that "Mullins" is the corruption of the ancient family name of "De Moleyns," who can trace their descent from the time of Henry II.

**Tea.**—The Chinese always drink their tea so weak that the water is barely tinged, and the leaves of the plant form a necessary part of the nauseous mixture. As a general average, the yearly export of tea from China, for the British market, amounts to thirty-five millions. The average yearly consumption of the last three years has been about thirty-seven millions.

**Doubt.**—Nothing in the world is to be doubted; because it is said that nothing in the world is impossible except gunpowder ashes.—*Theodore Hook.*

**Roman Remains.**—The excavations in which the Historical and Archaeological Society of Wisbaden has been actively engaged for the last four years, on the Heidenberg, in the neighbourhood of that town, have at length yielded an interesting result, in the discovery of an extensive Roman fortress, in excellent preservation, which had been originally flanked by twenty-eight towers, and surrounded by a triple moat. The Society is preparing drawings of these ruins, stated to be the most considerable remains of Roman architecture ever brought to light in Germany.—*Times.*

An island has been discovered between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, in which there are valuable coal-mines.

**The Law Courts.**—At length, a motion for a Parliamentary Committee has been unanimously voted, to consider the expediency of a building in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn for the Courts of Law and

Equity which now sit in Westminster Hall. Mr. Barry, the celebrated architect, has furnished a plan for a building in Lincoln's Inn, which will afford all the requisite facilities, and the expense may be properly defrayed from the suitors' fund of the Court of Chancery, and the fee fund of the Courts of Common Law. The only argument against the proposed measure is old association—an argument not to be slighted, but yet not to be urged as a counterpoise to the great advantages of the project.

**Phrenology** has now, at least, 20,000 supporters in this country; and Mesmerism is daily gaining ground among able and scientific persons, and is undergoing investigation in very many quarters.—*Dr. Elliotson.*

**Dear Luxury.**—In 1593, a party at Padua, of whom Galileo was one, were enjoying, at an open window, a current of air, which was artificially cooled by a fall of water, when Galileo unfortunately fell asleep under its influence; and so powerful was its effect upon his robust constitution, that he contracted a severe chronic disorder, which attacked him at intervals during the rest of his life. Others of the party suffered still more severely, and perished by their own rashness.

**St. Marylebone Savings' Bank.**—No less than 2815 new deposits were made in the year 1840. The amount invested exceeds 256,531*l*.

**Hung' Beef.**—At the Jewish feast of Purim, Sunday, March 7, in commemoration of the downfall of Haman and his ten sons, the tables are adorned with *hung beef*, to commemorate the hanging of Haman.

**Museum of Economic Geology.**—Arrangements have been made with Mr. Richard Phillips, the curator of the Museum, and Mr. T. B. Jordan, the keeper of the Mining Records, for instructing the pupils in analytical chemistry, mining processes, &c.

**Colman's Plays** produced the author as follow:—*Poor Gentleman*, and *Who wants a Guinea?* 550*l*. each; *John Bull*, (the most attractive comedy ever produced, having averaged 470*l*. per night, for forty-seven nights,) 1200*l*.

**Long Pause.**—Moesop, the actor, was so perfect a distiller of syllables, and made such intolerably long pauses, that in the speech of Zanga, in *The Revenge*, to Alonzo, "Know thou, 'twas I —" the critic might, at the first word of the speech, have left the theatre, called a coach, and returned to his box, and still have been in time to have discovered that Zanga "did it."—*Peake's Colman Family.*

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